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AT CASA GRAIDE WE ARE DOING A GENERAL

BUSINESS,

ceries, Provisions, Grain, Flour, Produce, Gent' Furnishing Coods, Etc.

pt Attention Given to Goods Consigned to Jan Ja

WE ARE ALWAYS PREPARED TO CONT

OR ANY PREIGH

TO ANY POINT IN THE TERRITOR

Mark Goods "Care of B. & O. Cas Grande, A. T.

WALL THE WHINK OR COME. to been climbs on to my lines—
to B. Be p is four years old,
that her brigh blue eyes do, " one
Would pend a microscope to behold,

pole ony board -that's one of him ashe; of heaving choice with he ist into mb, printing or light in my ture of a select what a it that makes the wrinking come?"

th, little Bo Peep, you cannot guess. How haid is the question you thus propound; It calls to greater without (or lens). Than ever philosopher yet has found.

There was a time, my little Ro Paep,
When my face was as smooth as yours is now,
When force a line or wrinkle deep
Had left its imprint on my brow. A time when I woke from balmy sleep

To find ife always a giad surprise: When I laughed as you laugh, my little Bo Peep, And looked on the world with the same big eyes

Yes, that is the way, my little Bo Peep— As near as I can be! you now — That is the way the furrows deep One by one crept over my brow.

When I saw the g'ad, bright drevers of youth, Like the roses of smemer, wither away; When I is read how the frage at if over of trath By the this Les of falsehood were stranged one

When the Inith I pieced in man was ret rined By to me ingratifieds, becker then night; When the hard and blise twith had been exped That night, in this word, too of earmaker in When I saw the good burns down and oppre ged, he wicked triumph of in their chame.
The Sometimes of model in the Pharmon is cared—Then, little Bo Poep, the wrink as come!

But may you in the sunshine forever buck, So that, when the years shall have stoods you gra Some tuture B. Two, gasting at you, shall a kr "What is it that keeps the wrighlies a may?"

ON A BLACKBOARD.

Mildred Parmenter sat in the live rlor, beating her feet impati n la striped rag carpet. Two neigh and dropped in to see her aunt, and a ree ladies, with their knitting-wea and occasional resort to their ba p pier-mae ie snuff-boxes, were discu-Grant in the vicinity, whose theft of earing" was the chief topic of reation in all the farm houses with dins of a dozen miles.

vi as M blred caught up her hat a mutered out of the front door. On w rods away wer the pine wood ol, still and fragrant,

A wagon came ratting along tooked, sandy road. Her uncle w urning from a trip to the village. be drove into the shed, he called on

"Letters, darter." It was always his name for her-s! as so like a daughter he had lost. S aned for the letters, not very in-

mily. There were only two of the one from her sister she opened is "And Mr. Elson came yesterda in one of the paragraphs, "We to an of your fancy to busy yourself summer n the rural districts, but a ared him you would join him for week, at least, before we returned New York. Of course that is the in thing that prevents him from leave the Springs at once. By the way, I seard before he came up that it is a ver between you and Oscar, who is

won't disappoint us all."

Yes, Midred reflected, she was alto gether the proper person for Osca-Broot, and with a queer little laugh sathought of the hopeless difference b-tween herself and this most admirable akin to a sob that she dared not truherself to go on thinking. She caugh up the other letter, from a young hady sojourning at Saratoga. It was addressed in a large, dashing hand, covering the whole envelope, "Why will she use violet ink?" was Mildred's thought as she opened it. It was as dashing inside

"You are certainly a gay deceiver, my dear. To think that your health r-quired rest and mountain air, so that you could neither give your family por me the pleasure of your society. I un derstand it all now, and really I can't blame you. Oscar Brant is more entertaining than a hotel full of people and handsomer than ever. I saw him for just a moment en route for Champlain with his party. Camping out must be such fun. And to think you have an uncle so conveniently near. Of course

you see Oscar every day or two.' "More news!" How little her Saratoga fri and guessed at the trath in the case. And Oscar Brant was only four niles away. She could not help it now f the tears came. Why could they not let her aloue, she thought. She had come up to the New England hills to gain some of the strength and peace she had lost after she and Oscar Brant had parted. She must try for it harder than ver now that the time drew near av

her return to the city.

Her mother and sisters would wait for her at the Springs. Mr. Elson would wait, too-Mr. Eison, worth half a mil-ion, 60 years old, his head bald and shiny; a short, fat, fussy man, who had "grown a little stouter." Ugh! They would all go home together, to the fall washions and dinner parties and formal

She went back to the house presently. She would conquer this foolishness, she told herself, as she had kept saying ever and over again the whole summer long. She would conquer her tempor,

came in; a beautiful appeal to an artistic eye, with its heap of snow-white biscuits, eep golden butter and purple grape jelly, but the flowers with which she always decked the table she had forgoten that afternoon. She went at once into the garden, meeting her uncle as he passed by with the foaming milk

"Don't forget my hollyhook, darter," e called out as he passed along. Holyhocks were a standing joke between

When she came again her uncle was mrying on a spasmodic conversatio with his wife, who, out of sight in the buttery, was straining the milk. "An' if they can't find some one ake the school," he was saying, "it'll

ov to be shut up awhile. "What school?" Mildred asked, carng less for the answer than for the flect of a great pansy she whs setting "Here in our own deestrict, Teacher's ck, an' they can't seem to find no on-

take her place."

How many scholars are there?" she ed, a sudden impulse taking posses-

"Not more'n twenty, I reckon, It's summer school, 'tain't never very larg.' "Uncle, would they let me take it?"

"You, darter!" "Yes, I believe I should enjoy it and it would do me good, beside giving the eacher a little help. She looks as if size

seeded help. So it came about that Mildred Parme r, meeting the children in the rouderly next morning, introduced horses them as the lady who would take are of them till their teacher got well. It was a queer little log school-hou-owhich they went, one of the prim-ive sort. From all the windows were agnificent views of the mountainout Mildred improved even on that ad

vantage by occasionally having recitations out of doors, a departure from the orthodox fashion very gratifying to the youthtui mind. She had little contact ith the country people, and the pecuife and marked character stics of he pupils continually amused her.
Bobby Whitman, her youngest scholar,

had a strong propensity for chewing gum, a habit which seriously interfered with a naturally defective articulation, out one which he sacrificed for the good-

graces of his teacher.

With Maggie Wetherbee, one of her diest pupils, she formed almost an intracey, listening with interest to the lon confidences twanged through a very pretty nose about the trials in tending the baby, picking the "garden sass" and laying down pickles. and laying down pickles.

Poor Maggie, she learned, was also the victim of an ardent attachment

verely disapproved at home, for " and" employed during having on heather's farm. Between these two exremes in age, she found almost every zing that she had entered on a fertile

d of usefulness and enjoyment. She wrote to her sister a very comical count of her experiment, laughin-ud as she pictured the disgust of he dy mother, indulged in the wild s freams of an independent career, and in ere was really a great deal in life worth

iving for. It was little Harley Jones' turn that week to "rid up" the school-hous , as termed it, and Mildred wondered for two successive days at the cluster of lowers which she found on her desk. he great double geraniums seemed to lash their scarlet glory all over the oom; and the heliotrope, too, her favor-te flower, in masses of purple beauty,

filled the air with its fragra A spray of it, with a few delicate ferns mother of her delights, was laid upo he Bible opened at the chapter wit which she began the day's exercises Iarley Jones had certainly a taste and opreciation for which she had never

iven him credit. He was vigorously cleaning the blackcard one morning, and she came in ust in time to see the last few words as he erased them. The writing struck her

"What did you rub out, Harley?" he asked, hanging up her hat in the

"Something you writ yesterday, Miss Carpenter. I was writin it over,"
She smiled at the name. He never could get it right, but she corrected the

"O. Johnnie Mack !" was the teach er's exclamation, "after I have told you so many times." Yet no possible muti ation of verbs seemed to affect her lov for the offenders, or to diminish be patience with them, and in the course the day she noticed that Harley Jon had really made vast improvements his copy-book. But she had occasion t reprove Maggie Wetherbee as the walked home together that night.

"I saw you talking with a man thi morning, Maggie, when I came acro-he lot. Is it possible that you me nyone in that way outside your father'

"But it wasn't him," stammered May gie, growing red.
"Him! Who?"

"Why, Bill, that I told you about. growing redder under the consciousne f how easily the stranger could made er false to Bill, "He's boarding som there round, and just asked how so chool would be out. He's drawing He had lots of pictures in a big fla

A strolling artist, Mildred thought he knew nothing about artists, but he an idea they were rather inoffensive people. Still she determined to watch Mag She must not drift into any dange

Mildred went earlier to school the next norning, earlier even than Harley Jones Fresh flowers were on the deak again, but with a great start she saw the figure of man at the blackboard writing. m here," were the words he was rapidly tracing with the chalk, "and must see

Just then he turned, conscious of a resence, but not before she had recovred her self-possession. "Good morning," she said, quietly, extending her hand, and, with a smile, glanced from his face to the blackboard.

He caught her hand and held it, "Mildred, are you ready to forgive She drew her hand away and stepped back. "I have nothing to forgive in

you, Oscar. I was angry when I saw on last, but I was the one to blame. He looked at her in astonishment; he seemed so utterly unlike herself.

"And have you got over your love as well as your anger, Mi'dred?" The quick color fl shed all over her face. She looked like herself once more

as she answered: "That question is in poor taste, Oscar Brant, I have not congratulated you on cour engagement to your cousin Ella. I lo so heartily," she went on, plunging dong into a chaos of words lest she should break down utterly; "she is good and gentle and—and everything that I m not. She—" her voice failed her

"Why, Mildred, what in the world are you talking about?" His arms were around her. She was sobbing on his "Where did you hear such a ridiculous story ?"

Maggie Wetherbee entered breathlessy, "Miss Parmenter—" then stopped ewildered at the sight before her eyes. obby Whitman and Harley Jones has een quarreling. They came up behind laggie, each eager to everate hum elf. But the wet eyes am flushed fac f their teacher made friends of them in antly. "Is it her beau?" whisper arley, as he nudged Bobby; but M. e hustled them both out of the re thent ceremony, hurrying after

If, and before the teacher recalled t eared to have been

and resume her duties the next weeks by that time Mildred was abundantly lling to give them up. Yet she always hard that teaching was the most deand the happiness of her life on a

PITH AND POINT.

o ackboard.

Siz cooed; he wooed; the old man anid they could if they would. No cards, Mr. Barnum writes from England saddled that be has secured the novelty he has of my st long been after. It is a screw-driver that neighbor won't slip.

A SUBSCRIBER wants to know "why tea stores are painted red." It is because proprietors of these stores employ men to paint them that color.

THE clothing men are advertising summer suits." But it don't suit the fellows who have to wear last winter's clothes during the not weather.

There was a young girl of Ean Claire, Who was wity, and good, and sean faire, All the other girls found, That when she was around, They were just counted out as noan whater

CLEBOYNAN—"No, my dear, it is im-possible to preach any kind of a sermon to such a congregation of asses." Smart young lady-" And is that why you call them 'dearly beloved breth-ren?"

upside down, and the very next morning he began charging the garret lodgers first-floor prices.

"THERE'S one thing I like about the new version," said old Blunderbuss, "That 'ere text about 'the boy being fother to the man' is left out altogether. I always thought that was wrong end And he didn't know why the smile went round.

THE Paris Figure propounds this con-undrum; "Given two widows of the -ame age, the same social condition, the same character, one of whom had a bad husband and the other a good one, which of the two will have the stronger desire to get married again?" Ar the summer resort-First week,

ladies, is given to showing your dresses; second week, to t lling where you went

saved at last. I believe he has suffered his due share in this life." "Amen! shouted Nimbletung from the back seat Mrs. N. gave him such a look but on the suffered while attention while attention.

A raiser in France, the son of orman, had every day a net sur-

longer necessary, for the fish is now caught.

caught."

Hear ite bi-yi of the cur, iliac cur.

W. hrighteou- indignation all his fur
Stands up as he dan settle
cof a gallop with a shadder,
Wi ha copper-bottomed settle
Neatly astened to his rudder,
All the boys acount him mingle,
An the, shout and to na it proper,
As they hear the merry jingle
Of he pood- and the copper
And they shout, shout, shout,
For they know what they're about,
And of their utte happiness there's little roum for
doubt—Prock.

(Savera a little oneon to have there

"SEEMS a little queer to have them saying grace, eh?" whispers one man of the world to another as they meet at the hospitable board of a common sequentance, in whose house everything is dondecently and in order. "Yes; but I rather like the practice," "So do 1—it is a good habit." "But I thought you were an intidel?" "So I am; but it is a very good habit—your soup gets cold enough for you to eat K.12

As at stood on the dusty rost, whence all but he had fied; He saw old Embiec coming down the road, and, with

his head All postured for a buts, he posed, and patiently did wait The coming of the chap he thought he wind annee had a stick in hand of tennage rather

And when the butter came he et nint have it o'er the and gracious how that Embree-oh did make the butter-fly! THERE is no need of inventing stories

about children; they are equal to originality any day. "Do you think, mamma," said a little one, "that Uncle Reuben is a good man?" "Why, my child, he is the best of all my brothers, and an excellent man." "And will he go to neaven?" "I think so, my child. Why do you ask?" "Oh, nothing much," waking from a sort of reverse "I was thinking what a homely ange he'd make, that's all."

A Swindler Foiled. Upon one of the trains en route from

the Pacific coast, a sharp undertook to sell a dismond ring to an old moner who had made his pile and was returning home. The miner loosed at the ring and said to the seller: "They've got common stone up in the diggings wh re I've been that'll cut that dismond all to pieces!" "If you'll find a piece of stone that will out that dramond I'll give it to you," repl ed the prodier. "All right," said the miner, "if I cont cut that 'd amond' with a stone I'll buy t of you. Thereupon the miner took the ring in his hand and pulsed from his v st poc t a small piece of brown-looking stone, similar to a bit of dork fre stone, exc pt the grain was very fine, and with this he proceeded eco by to cut and scratch the 'diamond" with several ugly-looking gashes. A group of passengers took had gathered about the namer were

amezed, but while they smil d the ped-dler with his "diamond" withdrew dis-comfited. "That I tile piece of brown stone," explained the miner, "is a page of corundrum that Is got in the Rocky mountains, and it's the best diamond tester in the world. It won't scar a genuine diamond, but it will verlastingly cut up pieces of glass or quartz." Ar a conflagration a worthy citizen

gazes with stupefaction on the steam fire-engines. "Well, I never," he says, with deliberation. "I never expecteto see such criminal, sensel-ss wast faness! The idea of warming the water

JEFF DAVIS CAPTURE.

believing that they had

the region of marauders to execu party intended to attack the camp that night. This decided me to wait long

enough to see whether there was any truth in the rumor, which I supposed would be ascertained in a few hours. My horse remained saidled and my pixtels in the holsters, and I lay down, fairy dressed, to rest. Nothing occurred to rouse me natil just before dawn, when my concliman, a free colored man, who faithfully clung to our fortunes, can s and told me there was firing over the branch, just be find our excompanent. I stepped out of my wife's teat and saw some horsemen, whom I immediately recognized as cavalry, deploying around the encampment. I turned back and told my wife these were not the expectable ed maranders but regular troopers. implored me to leave her at once. I heritated from unwillingness to do so, and lost a few precious moments before yielding to her importantly. My her-As old man who had been badly hurt yielding to her importantly. My her a reilroad collision, being advised to m a reilroad collision, being advised to sue the company for damages, said:
"Wal, no, not for d mages, I'se had enough of them; but I'll just sue em cavalry approached; it was, therefore, impracticable to reach them. I was compelled to start in the opposite compelled to start in the opposite direction. As it was quite dirk in the Probably the meanest man on record tent, I picked up what was supposed to keeps a coarding house in San Domingo. An earthquake turned the edifice clear overcoat, without sleaves; it was subsequently found to be my wife's, so very like my own as to be mistaken for it, As I started by wife thoughtfully threw over my head and shoulders a showl. I had gone perhaps fifteen or twenty yards when a trooper galloped up and ordered me to hait and surrender, to

which I gave a defiant answer, and, dropping the shawl and raglan from my shoulders, advanced toward him. He leveled his carbine at me, but I expe. .. intention was n that event to put my hand under his foot, tumble him off on the other side, spring into his suddle and attempt to escape. My wife, who had been watching, when she saw the soldier aim his carbine at me, rap terward and threw her arms aro ad me. Success depended a instructions acsaccond week, to t ling where you wented that year; third week, to taking about the Browns, who have gone home, fourth week, to complaints of the house. After the fourth week life at a summer resort is insunerably duli.

"I can't think that all sinners will be lest," said Mrs. Nimblet. 2. "There's my husband, now. He's a bad manner will be lest," said man; but I trust he will be some casualties resulted from four consequences.

s n, the ecclesiastic repi ed : "It is no Pritchardwent over to their battle id-d and I did lot see him for a long surely mose than an hour after in goanture. He subsequently claimed realt, in a conversation with me, for the for bearance shown to his men in notshooting me when I rebeed to surrends.

The Bend-Leger omce. A visit to the Dead-Agter Division is exceedingly interesting to strangers. Here all letters and problems that the department has failed to deliver, either for the reason that they were nothinged unmailable, misdirected or apollychica the postage is not poid, are returned "dead," Mail matter of this class originated in fore gu countries inconded in the postni umon is returned to the country of ore in monetacl. The se-mainder is on new and d livered in all cases where any clear to the identity of the writer can be discover letters of this kind open d during fiscal year 214 0 were found to conta money to the amount of \$43,336,13, ofwhich 19,305, containing 8-7,279.81, were afterward delivered, 21,311 contained drafts, checks, beis of exchange, etc., of the value of \$1,520,216.65, of which 20,121, commany \$1,454,507.44, were dilivered; 34,771 contained poceipts, paid notes and canceled obliga-tions of all sorts; 30 957 centained place tographs; 68 849 contained possage, the most of which were delivered. Of the number of letters passing through the mails it appears that the accurrencet fails to deliver but one in ever a 200; the success of on service in this respect is very gratifying. From official states ments it appears that Great Britain fails in 430: Indv ous to Pais and thermetic

one in every 456 this as matter pas estor a have Germon modes, the delivery of which is allowed inevita-ble. Before the department building became so c owded, a rosm was set apart shown a variety of uncommen articles from bottles incered, ato "Blacks one's Commentaria" New the articles are stowed away, and ever year or two dis-posed of at public auttion.

How to Make Yourself Unhappy. In the first place, if you want to make don't care a out an thing else; have no feelings firm and some lf; neverthink stant: ef and your ton a same at them like a mad that is your own, though it may not be worth a pin. Never yield a point, Be is said to you in p a fulu ss in the most serious manner. Be jealous of your friends lest they should not think enough of you; and if it any time they should seem to neglect you, put the

"Why, are you alive yet, my old friend? I heard you were dead." "Nice